THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1809.

THE STORY OF EUPHELIOUS.

(Continued from our last.)

Fortunately Euphelious met her as she was coming out of the house. Seeing her desperate, and to prevent her going to some improper place and throwing herself away, he prevailed upon her to reside at the house of one of his friends until something could be done. Her relations soon found her, and by force carried her away. Uncles, aunts, and cousins, to a pretty large amount, got rouud her, and instead of endeavouring to sooth her distracted mind, they, by bitter taunts and upbraidings, lacerated her feelings and drove her to desperation; that point attained, they put her in a room and locked her up.

Euphelious had for a long time known a young lady, who he thought was exactly such a one as would suit him for a wife. He admired her beauty, as well as the efflorescence of her wit, and was delighted with the sagacity and acuteness of comprehension she displayed upon every subject they happened to converse upon. In a little time he almost forgot the unhappy Monimia.

About this time he fell violently ill. Monimia escaped from her confinement, flew to him uninvited, and nursed him with care and affection until he was recovered. The solicitude and anxiety she displayed during his illness, and the sedulity with which she had attended him, contrasted with the cold indifference of the other, fixed his choice. There was an expression in her eyes that he could not withstand. He candidly told her all that had passed in his mind, and his determination that in a few months they should be joined in the holy bands of wedlock; however, it was to depend upon herself, and he hoped her conduct in the mean time would not induce him to alter his mind.

From that time Euphelious thought himself married as much as though the ceremony had been performed, and religiously avoided renewing any former intimacy that might perchance weaken his resolves. Jealousy, notwithstanding, crept into the breast of Monimia, and she was as unhappy as before: the most trifling circumstance would throw her into the hysterics, fits, and convulsions. One night,

having seen him speak to a young woman, she took a dose of laudanum, which however had no other effect than to frighten Euphelious, and convince him of the strength of her affection. He thought it must be the fear of losing him that made her attempt her life, and he proposed being married. She told him the world already thought they were married, and she would wait until she was reconciled to her relations, that now avoided her. It was a weak answer; but that she should be satisfied was all he wished; he therefore pressed the subject no further.

He hired a handsome house, introduced her every where as his wife, and undertook the cultivation of her mind.

(To be continued.)

FAMILY DISAGREEMENTS THE FREQUENT CAUSE OF IMMORAL CONDUCT.

BY KNOX.

AFTER all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers than by real misfortunes.

And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our fire-sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we act in the sight of the world; and so very heroically reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition, but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasurable, find an ample scope for proper exertion. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle. Hither they have returned from their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation; as the bird, after fluttering in the air, descends into her nest to partake and to increase its genial warmth with her young ones.

Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when it is not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition from the negative state of not being pleased to positive ill-humour is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibly generates many others. Trifles light as air are able to kindle the blaze of contention. By frequent conflicts and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connections, is entirely lost, and the faint affection which remains is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passions. Farewell peace and tranquillity, and

cheerful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle. The nest which should preserve a perpetual warmth by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affection is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it are substituted thorns and briars. The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of Scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolour that stream, which in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.

But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissention. I mean more particularly to suggest, that family dissention, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of immoral misconduct.

When the several parts which compose a family find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination. The son, arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his eveninigs at the domestic fire-side. If he live in the metropolis, he will fly for refuge to the places of public diversion. There, it is very probable, some unhappy connection will be formed, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money. Perhaps money cannot be procured honestly but from the parent ; but money must at all events be procured. What, then, remains but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their condign punishments, pain, shame, and death ?

But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produces, yet they are always terrible, and destructive of happiness and virtue. Misery is indeed the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude ; but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness ; as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown strikes deep root, and buds, and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable. Their violent passions and defective experience render them disobedient and undutiful. Their love of pleasure operates so violently, as often to destroy the force of filial affection. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and perhaps with too little command of temper ; for who can always hold the reins ? Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor, and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues. It is however certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavour to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence ; for man at every age seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age. He should indeed maintain his authority ; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing, it will not long be deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more heinous in a moral view, particular care, should be taken to render

them attached to the comforts of the family circle. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange ; and will often lose their characters, virtue, and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed, the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation. But prudence is necessary in every good cause, as well as zeal ; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited and directed by good sense, is the best. It ought indeed to be steady, but not rigid ; and every pleasure which is innocent in itself and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance which a delicate and sensible father will judge necessary in the care of a daughter.

To what wickedness, as well as wretchedness, matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from home by a termagant, he will seek enjoyment, which is denied him at his own home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance : nor can female corruption be wondered at, though it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should soften, hatred is found to rankle. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to that desperate dissoluteness and carelessness in manners which terminates in the ruin of health, peace, and fortune. If we may form a judgment from the divorces and separations which happen in the gay world, we may conclude, that the present manners are highly unfavourable to conjugal felicity. And we see, consistently with my theory, that the consequence of these domestic disagreements is the prevalence of vice in a very predominant degree, as well as of misery.

But it avails little to point out evils without recommending a remedy. One of the first rules which suggests itself is, that families should endeavour, by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves, that not only the enjoyment but the virtue of every individual greatly depends on a cordial union. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavour to promote it; and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may indeed be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper ; but where there is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rapture.

It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a *gross familiarity*, even where the connection is most intimate. The human heart is so constituted as to love respect. It would indeed be unnatural in very intimate friends to behave to each other with stiffness ; but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, which tends to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt when it deviates into excessive familiarity. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.

But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition, or avarice ; but that we should be equally attentive to our behaviour among those who can only repay us by reciprocal love. We must show the sincerity of our principles and pro-

fessions by acting consistently with them, not only in the senate, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the *fire-side*.

ODE

Written on the first of January, 1794.

BY SOUTHEY.

COME, melancholy Moralizer---come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The SEPULCHRE OF TIME!

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song!
I pour the dirge of the departed days;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day,
To Mirth and Indolence.

Mortal! whilst Fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice---rejoice that Time flies fast?
That Night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
That swift the stream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If Power be thine, remember what thou art---
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage!

Hast thou known Love? does Beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
Her voice all harmony?

Oh state of happiness! hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove!
Winter is dark and cold---
Where now the charms of Spring!

Say'st thou that Fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stol'd Maid
With stern and frowning front
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
Her many-colour'd robes
Dance varying to the sun?

Ah vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vext height,
With anxious gaze survey
The fruitful far-off vale.

Oh there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant!
There are, who at this hour
Will love to contemplate!
For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.
And he who bears Affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleas'd he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The Grave the inn of rest.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

BY THE SAME.

GO thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands wend, and there
In lovely Nature see the GOD OF LOVE.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the wild music of the wind-swept grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Rouse not such ardour in my breast
As where the noon-tide beam
Flash'd from the broken stream,
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain:
Or when reclining on the clift's huge height
I mark the billows burst in silver light.

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all Nature's charms mine eyes,
And hear all Nature's melodies.
The primrose bank shall there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awaken'd sense;
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Shall with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Shall speak the prayer of praise I feel!

Go thou and seek the House of Prayer!
I to the Woodlands bend my way.
And meet RELIGION there.
She needs not haunt the high-arch'd dome to pray
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day:
With LIBERTY she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslip'd dale;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her, and when the night
Pours in the north her silver streams of light,
She woos Reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

MAXIM.

Not to perform our promise is a folly, a dishonour, and a crime. It is a folly, because no one will rely on us afterwards ; and it is a dishonour and a crime, because truth is the first duty of religion and morality : and whoever is not possessed of truth, cannot be supposed to have any one good quality, and must be held in detestation by all good men.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the Havanna Packet of June 15.

COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE OF HAVANNA.

On the proposal of the Deputies, the Count of Saldivar, and D. Joseph Maria de Xenes, this committee resolved at its session on the 9th instant that public notice would be given,--That the 20th of the present month is fixed as the peremptory and final period for the embarkation of the French who are to leave this Island ; it being understood, that such as shall not have done so, shall next day be placed on board his majesty's ship Olivia, in this bay. And the inhabitants of this city are notified, that those who know of the said French being concealed, shall give information to the commissary of the ward in which the house is situated ; and also the house keepers and inhabitants will take notice, that if they do not give information, as is expected from them will suffer the penalty due to their offence.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28.

We are indebted to a passenger on board the brig Expectation, captain Turner, in 11 days from Laguira, for the following intelligence.

Two days previous to the departure of the brig from Laguira, accounts were received of the arrival of a schooner in Porto Cavello, which left Cadiz on the 10th of May--at that date, all Catalonia had been evacuated by the French, and the patriots were in possession of Barcelona and Fort Montjoy. The French troops, who had been within twenty leagues of Seville, had retreated to Madrid.

The Ministerial Gazette likewise contained the intelligence of a severe engagement having taken place between the French and Austrians, in which the latter were completely victorious, the former having lost thirty thousand, killed, wounded and prisoners.------Rumours were in circulation that Joseph Bonaparte had left Madrid for Paris.

A stranger of good mien and interesting appearance, has engaged the sympathies of a number of the respectable inhabitants of Blockley township in the state of Pennsylvania, for a fortnight past. He was taken ill with the Small Pox, at an inn near the first gate, on the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike road. On enquiry by the host and hostess, he informed them, that his name was Williams, and that he had been in the city making large purchases of goods which he had dispatched for Pittsburg, on their way to Kentucky, 800 miles distant, where he had a large store and valuable possessions. He was unmarried, but he had a mother he tenderly loved, and many very dear relations. He was importuned by the benevolent host and hostess, to permit intelligence of his situation to be forwarded ; but he requested it might not be done. His mother would be inconsolable, and his relations would hurry on their way to visit him. Before they arrived

his fate would one way or other, be determined, and their toils and great inconvenience would be fruitless. A physician of talents was immediately sent for, and attended his patient with skill and regularity. Lest the qualifications for nursing of the females of the family, should not be competent, a respectable relation of the landlady was sent for. The patient took an uncommon attachment to her, as he said she exactly resembled his mother. All medical aid and every kind and incessant attention were afforded. A stranger far from his relations and friends excited the compassion, and received the humane assistance his situation demanded. But in vain was every endeavour. He died on Friday 9th, of the Small Pox of the confluent and most inveterate kind. A proof of the folly and danger so fatal to those who neglect the easy and sure means of safety in the modern practice, both of inoculation and vaccination. Whatever had been his life, let his death be monitory. Reader before you drop a tear of regret, know this unhappy and compassionate stranger was one of remarkable and distinguished character. He has been often pourtrayed in our public prints, in terms of peculiar description. He had escaped the destiny decreed for him, through the tender mercies of the pardoning power exercised in a neighboring state, where he was condemned to die; but reprieved under the triple tree. His qualifications for deception did not forsake him in the hour of death; which did not wait for legal forms. This celebrated personage was the noted Williams, *The Horse Thief*; too well known for his atchievements in the way of his profession, in the southern states, and too little known to them who afforded him their assistance in the last act of his drama. Their benevolence to this inconsistent miscreant is not the less meritorious, because he was undeserving of it. Their reward must be found in heaven; for his history is all he has left. This was discovered on enquiry after his death, in the city where he spent some time lately, at a reputable lodging house, under an assumed character.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the Righ Rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Charles I. Nicholas, of Philadelphia, to Miss Alice Ann Hoffman, daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esq. of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr. Milledollar, Mr. John M'Mead. of Savannah, (Georgia) to Mrs. Charlotte Osborne, youngest daughter of the la Mr. John Turner, merchant of this city

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Thomas Van Antwerp, to Miss Gertrude Heyer, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev John Stanford, Capt Daniel W. Crocker, to Miss Clarissa Hackstaff, daughter of Capt Lodowick Hackstaff, all of this city.

BILL OF MORTALITY,

from the 17th to the 24th June.

	Years.		Years.
Hannah Thomson	2	Isaac Barnet	24
Robert Gilbert	3	Anote Peter	40
Harriet Morris	65	Margaret Raise	2
John Reikert's ch.	1	Philip P Graff's ch.	2
Dr. Peter Lawrence	26	Thomas Place	2
Abigail Adam	4	Rachel Wilson	52
Joseph Meeks	67	David Morrison	39
Robert King	45	Lucinda Bishop	2
Geo. M'Cready's ch.	1	Peter Westervelt	33
Mary Jenkenson	3	James M'Geecham	26
John Tully	32	David Wilson	40
William Martin	50	Sarah Courtney	20
David Merritt	42	John Squire	46
James Formenter	25	Hannah Stivers	4
Silver Lewis	40	Mary Richardson	2 m

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